

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



JA

JUNE — 1957

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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EDITORIAL



FAREWELL

Good-byes are always hard to say.

During our four years of high school we, the members of the class of 1957, have not only had the opportunity of broadening our educational horizons but also that of making new and important friendships. Very shortly the time will come for the members of our class to go their several ways, but though the ties of close friendship may be severed because of distance, our lives will have been lastingly enriched because of our joint experiences and endeavors.

May the years to come bring happiness and the fulfillment of the hopes and desires of all of us!

The Editor



The Developments of an Individual

The study of psychology was in vogue a few years ago among students, but the general public adopted an attitude of "let's leave psychology to the psychologists." However, now, in our magazines and newspapers, we have read of the case of Bridie Murphy. Psychologists knew of people remembering things which had happened in the past but now, as in the Bridie Murphy case, they have found that under hypnosis one can remember things which occurred before one's birth. This has opened the eyes of the people once again to psychology. I would now like to discuss one aspect of psychology: namely, the development of the individual.

We are continually beset by conflicting claims from mass media. If we are to act intelligently, we must be able to choose between these claims and thereby develop a mode of life. In the process of doing this, we are developing our personalities. At this time, may I state that the child is subject to many influencing factors, but that these factors decrease in number as the child matures. We are the products of our heredity and environment. Man is by nature a social animal and must live in groups. The individual, therefore, is subjected to the influence

and advice of his parents, friends, social groups, school and church. To reach maturity means to be able to synthesize the teachings of these groups and to develop a personality peculiar to the individual.

Yet, one does not awake one morning with a personality. Rather, he is in the process of acquiring it from his birth until his death. Personality, which I take to mean the development of the self, is not a static thing nor is it narrow. Personality is amenable to change but, at the same time, it is rather consistent in its pattern of change. It is not a static thing; rather, it is alive and exuberant. It may be said to be fully developed when one attains a concise mode of life and, perhaps more important, when one decides upon the means to such attainment. The ability to reach this goal depends upon many and varied factors. The abilities of digesting, synthesizing, and choosing are some of the factors indispensable in the full development of one's personality. The choices one makes are influenced by one's personality. The choices one makes are influenced by one's environment, constitution, and all the social and religious groups I have previously mentioned.

What I have just written applies to the Seniors especially. By now they should have found for themselves a way of life which they know will carry them along after they depart from North Andover High School. May it be the best way of life for them! Robert Chesel, '57



DO ANIMALS EVER THINK?

Most of us believe that man is the only reasoning creature. Birds and animals can't think, we say. They do all their actions by instinct only. But all the same, there are times when we wonder about it.

One day, for instance, I stopped for a breather beside an old stump and happened to lean against it. The stump was old and rotten. Suddenly it broke and fell to the ground. It had hardly stopped bouncing before a red squirrel popped out of a woodpecker's hole near the stump's top and scolded me soundly. Back she went into the hole, appearing the next time with a baby squirrel gripped in her teeth. (Most animals grip their young by the scuff of the neck if they have to carry them from one place to another, the same way a cat or a dog carries her kittens or pups, respectively) The mother squirrel ran up a nearby spruce, then hurried away out of sight amid the leafy avenues of the tree tops. In a few minutes she returned, scolded me again, went into the hole in the stump, and brought another baby squirrel out in the same manner.

Where is the line between instinct and reasoning?

Another example is our dog Nobby. When he was a young pup he was once pushed off a bridge by some boys. After that he wouldn't go near a bridge if he could help it. He would rather swim than cross a bridge. As he grew older, we tried holding his collar and coaxing him across bridges. He went across, but he was unhappy about it.

One day I took Nobby for a stroll with me down near the Merrimac river. The river was high so I caught Nobby's collar and guided him across the bridge without mishap. We then went strolling along the far side of the river. After a while I looked back and saw Nobby a hundred yards downstream, trotting along the flooded shoreline and about to go swimming. I shouted and whistled, but Nobby was ten years old at the time and was rather deaf. He did not hear me, and before I could get near, he had started his long swim of two hundred yards of swirling currents.

Fifty feet from shore, the first of the vicious undercurrents got hold of him and sucked him under. He came up a few seconds later and promptly headed back to land. I breathed a sign of relief and hurried down to him, but before I could reach him, Nobby trotted farther downstream towards some stranded logs. He quickly nudged one away from the rest, out into the water. He then fastened on to the center of the ten foot log and started to swim out in the current again. He was well launched before I could get near.

The currents carried him far downstream, but he held on to the buoyant log, which acted as a raft, and kept his head above water. I followed him downstream, and he landed on the home shore about a mile from where he had started out. Then we both walked back toward the bridge and I met him on the other side. Nobby's use of the log as water wings was one of the smartest things an animal could do. Sometimes our so-called "dumb animals" aren't so dumb, are they?

John Gallant, '57



"OUCH"

This is an exact quotation from a small boy named Tommy. Tommy has just received a polio vaccination shot. He doesn't realize and probably doesn't care why he has to have it. All he knows is that it hurts and he doesn't like it one bit. When he gets a little older and reaches the age of reason, he will find out that there are many things that must be done which may not meet with his approval but have to be done for his own good.

Many fine doctors have spent their lives and millions of dollars have been donated to further the research for a cure for polio. This was done for Tommy and thousands of children like him so they would not be stricken with this deadly disease. Many a boy and girl who is paralyzed or in an iron lung wishes he had had the opportunity to receive such a shot. But right now the only thing Tommy still has to say about the whole matter is "Ouch!"

Robert Boush, '59



LITERARY

MOMENT OF GLORY

Like footsteps on the sands of time that grow dimmer and dimmer, a major league pitcher's career slowly dies out and he advances into the shadow of memories. However, unlike these footsteps that must continue on their way, without turning back, fate gives one last chance to the pitcher--one last moment of glory.

Such a chance was given a hurler for the Boston Red Sox. He was a fourteen-year man. Fourteen years of blood, sweat, and tears were chalked up to his name, the combination of which had molded a man with an iron will, a dogged determination and a heart of granite. The triumphs and disasters of baseball were in the muscles and sinews of his body. They flowed in his blood and they gleamed in his eye. Baseball and he were one. They could not be separated.

His triumphs were many--four twenty-game seasons and two no-hitters, to mention a few. His disasters, also, were numerous. For five years he had floundered around in the minors. Each of these years had brought another kink to his arm and a gray hair to his head. These years had given him a stoop and drained his spirit, for three of these years had been spent after eight years as a major leaguer. Now, at the age of thirty-five, he was once more pitching for a major league team--the team he'd first started out with--the Boston Red Sox.

It was a steaming July day-- perfect for a Red Sox-Yankee thriller. The scene was set. It was a typical clash between these age-old rivals. It was 5-4 in favor of the Sox in the ninth inning. The Yanks, however, had the bases loaded with two men out. The rhythmic clapping of the fans, urging a rally, almost drowned out the substitution being announced over the public address system.

The old pitcher ambled out of the bull pen and dug his cleats in the soft turf of centerfield. He made his way up the field. He went past the second baseman and up to the mound, where the ball was tossed to him. The advice and encouraging words of the coach and the catcher were drowned out by the thousands of voices pounding in his head. He hardly noticed when the coach returned to his box.

He rubbed the horsehide nervously, almost enough to wear away its smooth finish. Then he leaned down and waited for the signal. He paused. He pumped. He threw. "Ball one!" screamed the umpire. The ball was returned and the same ordeal was repeated two more times.

With the count of three and nothing, he got off the rubber and looked around first at the fans, then into the dugout, and finally at his teammates. Each one's face was taut. The only noise came from the stands where the ice cream vendors still sold their wares--no matter what the score was.

He looked at his teammates. Each expression was a study in human emotions. He turned and faced the plate.

He took off his cap and wiped his sweating brow. He ran his fingers through his hair and wiped them on his shirt. Then he was ready. He took the signal and once again wound up. The sphere sailed across the plate for a strike! A smile tugged at the corners of his parched lips.

Once more he got his signal and once more he blazed a strike across. Now, with the count three and two, the runners would be going. He took a full windup. He pitched. The Yankee batter swatted the air! The inning was over.

The old pitcher walked off the mound. To the tremendous roar of the crowd, he ran down the dugout steps. The cheers of that frenzied, half-crazed mob still linger in his ears, for that was his moment of glory.

Louise Mooradkanian,'57

THE WOOING OF SADIE

The road to the town livery stable was hot and dusty, and Edgar began to regret that he had put forth so much effort just to court a girl. The goose grease he had put on his hair was starting to melt, and the vile smelling stuff slid down under his jaunty straw hat. He also disliked the tight, highbutton shoes and high collar he had on, but he thought Sadie, the prettiest girl in town, was well worth his temporary discomfort.

Edgar arrived at Sadie's house a half hour later. He had rented a gay buggy and high-stepping horse and he was scared to death, for he had always been afraid of horses and women. Today was going to be different. "Yes," he mumbled summoning up his courage, "today I'm going to be bold and dashing and maybe even propose to Sadie." He had a bag of hoarhound candy, which was the current fad for courting gentlemen to bring their young ladies, and a bag of dulce, a purple seaweed, tasty and salty. Edgar felt that if he could only be a hero and impress Sadie, he would stand a pretty good chance of winning her hand.

Sadie wore a straw hat and a white filmy dress, and Edgar knew she was worth the effort he had made to impress her. She looked beautiful as she stepped up into the buggy.

"Where would you like to go?" Edgar asked daringly.

"Oh, out to the lake for a boat ride. I simply love boat rides and you'll look so handsome and strong while you're rowing."

"Oh me," thought Edgar, "she would say that! I can't row. I'm scared.....Be brave Edgar, be brave, be a hero."

He presented her with the candy and she sweetly thanked him and raised her parasol. Edgar grew bold. He held her hand. Oh wonder of wonders, she held his. Oh things were going grand, he thought.

They arrived at the lake just as the day's heat reached its peak. Edgar felt damp and wrinkled. As he helped Sadie down she gave his hand a shy squeeze.

Edgar was worried. He knew he would have to learn to row mighty fast or the whole day would otherwise be ruined.

As Edgar paid the boat attendant fifteen cents, he was sure she was worth the great extravagance.

He never could remember how it happened, but after he had helped Sadie into the boat, it somehow slipped away from the wharf and there was his Sadie, alone and helpless, crying, "Help, save me Edgar."

Now was his chance to save her, thus being a hero. He did a beautiful belly flop off the wharf, but he forgot to reckon with the depth of water and came up waist deep and sputtering pond lilies.

The crowd on shore roared with laughter as he waded toward the boat and pulled it back to the wharf. Sadie didn't laugh. She looked as if it would give her great pleasure to kill Edgar.

They spent the remainder of the day in the oppressive sun, while Edgar's clothes were drying. Sadie, between moments of sarcasm and silence, cast her eyes at the handsome young blades around her.

It was then that Edgar decided that goose grease, tight shoes, a stiff collar, fifty cents to rent the buggy, ten cents for candy, and fifteen cents for the boat were a high price to pay just to learn that Sadie was a flirt.

Eleanor Stang, '60

THE GREAT-HORNED OWL

Winter has gone and spring is here. Now the almost explosive force of reproduction appears throughout the marshes, forests, and fields. Seemingly, as if to compensate for its seasonal failure to keep pace with the winter predatory forces, it bursts into action with all its power and vigor, to create more mice, more pheasants, more rabbits and, as though added in afterthought, also more hawks and owls.

Our first nest for the year 1957 was located February 22. The wind was swaying the brittle tree-tops, the snow crunched under foot, and crows cawed from the far margin of a woodlot. On the near side, protruding above the snow-rimmed nest, were the ear tufts of a Great-horned Owl. This finding officially initiated the beginning of a season of nature photography and food-habit studies.

After waiting twenty-nine days, which is the incubation period for the Great-horned Owl, the first climb to the nest was to be attempted. This first ascent is especially significant and thrilling to the climber as nothing, at the time, is known of the temperament of the particular owls in question, and the Great-horned Owl has a tendency to be quite irritable in disposition. The climber is always susceptible to attack from the owls if they happen to resort to such an act. On the other hand, they might just quietly sneak off, land at some distance, and watch the proceedings with apparent indifference. At any rate, the climber on this first ascent is usually well protected with a fencer's mask and a heavy leather jacket, (even though these interfere with the climbing to a considerable extent), in case the owls are of the combative type.

I was elected by my comrades for this first ascent and so, donning my fencer's mask and leather jacket one balmy March afternoon, I started the climb. Progress up the tree was slow because of my heavy equipment and intense excitement. Breathing was extremely difficult and a cold sweat sent chills down my spine.

Finally I reached a point about five feet below the nest. It was quite apparent now, that the owls in question were not going to attack. The male, in fact, disappeared completely to some place deep in the forest. The female, although showing some signs of concern, sat in a tree about fifty feet away and seemed content to voice her displeasure from that distance. She remained there, whooping and flashing her big, yellow eyes at me in a most menacing fashion. Even though she was quite close for comfort, I had had just about enough of that leather jacket and fencer's mask! Besides, I was at a very difficult part of the climb: that of trying to attain and maintain a position from which to see over the rim of the nest without falling out of the tree--and boy, it was a long way down! Consequently, I unzipped my jacket, took off both it and the fencer's mask, and tossed them to my companions on the ground.

Continuing the climb I, at last, maneuvered myself into a suitable vantage point and peered over the edge of the large stick nest. There in the center was a newly hatched owlet, two eggs, two Norway rats, and three mice.

We decided to wait another week for the eggs to hatch before attempting any construction work on a photographer's blind. But, at the end of this period, a subsequent visit to the nest revealed that the other two eggs had not, as yet, hatched. One more week we would give them. Then it would be necessary to start building the blind, whether those two eggs were hatched or not.

At the end of this second week, we arrived at the nesting tree with blind construction material. There was no longer need for our concern about the other two eggs, for there they lay on the ground beneath the nest, the embryos within them fully developed and nearly ready to break through their shells. Apparently the female owl, in this her first nesting attempt, had left the nest too soon to fetch food when the first young was born. Thus the eggs were chilled, and the life with which they were endowed was destroyed.

Working at half-hour intervals so as not to keep the adult from brooding the young one (whom we all now called Junior) for too long a period, we were able to construct the floor of the blind in one day. While we worked, we were obliged to keep Junior warm with a hot-water bottle, for which, preferring the soft breast and tender care of his mother he developed no great liking. A few more visits on subsequent days and the whole blind, which the adult owls regarded with considerable contempt, was finished. By now the female would sit in a nearby tree and whoo at us as long as we remained; but, if anyone made a move toward Junior in the nest, she would lift her huge silent wings and glide in. Landing on a branch within eight to ten feet of the nest, she would snap her bill and hiss in a most discontented manner. However, she turned out to be a very co-operative subject and many pictures were obtained from the blind.

In the meantime, another Horned Owl's nest was marked on the map. It was situated at the base of a large peninsula that jutted out into a river; or more correctly, the land actually curved in a deep bend in the river and formed what was similar to a peninsula. Unfortunately, however, the whole outer portion of this peninsula was a chicken farm. Horned Owls are unprotected, but I had no desire to harm this nocturnal family. Neither did I want them to raise havoc with the farmer's chickens to feed the single ravenous youngster that their nest contained. I had wanted to rear a young Horned Owl for quite some time; but, this fledgling was much too advanced in age to tame down to any extent. Little Junior, at the nest we were photographing, being at an earlier stage of development, would have been excellent to raise; but, if I took him, Horned Owl photography for the season would cease, as the situation of the new nest made it impossible to photograph, even if we had had the time to build another blind before the young one flew. Consequently, I decided to experiment--to take the youngster from the new nest and switch him for Junior in the nest we were photographing.

And so, early one morning I stuffed the new owlet into a box and brought him up to the blind. I swiped Junior from the nest and put him in the blind also. Mrs. Horned Owl was watching intently over my shoulder, as I shuffled the youngsters around inside the blind just to mix her up a bit. Then I drew forth the larger one, placed him in his foster home, and shoved Junior into the box. After completing this maneuver, I concealed myself in the blind and waited to see what would happen.

Soon Mother Horned Owl drifted in and landed on a dead limb behind the nest. Then, with a look on her face that seemed to say, "My! how you've grown since I left you a few minutes ago," she walked, pigeon-toed, down the branch onto the nest, where she tried frantically to brood the overgrown bully whose attitude of indifference indicated that he didn't care where he was or who brought in the food as long as he ate regularly. Satisfied that she had accepted him as her own, I

lowered Junior in the box to the ground and descended the tree. From a short distance away I watched her again land on the nest and try to brood her adopted child. Then taking Junior, I left the woods and started for home.

The Great-horned Owl is nature's finest controlling influence on wildlife in the woodlands he inhabits. That he is highly destructive at times, in the eyes of man, must also be conceded, for it has been demonstrated beyond question of a doubt not only that he is bold, persistent, and generally successful in his raids upon domestic poultry of all kinds, but that he is highly skillful and deadly in his pursuit of game birds, song birds, rabbits, and squirrels. But, we do not live by bread alone. Strength, skill, courage, and beauty mean something to us all; and certainly in these virtues the Great-horned Owl ranks second to none. As one of our finest forms of wildlife, it is to be hoped that this fine bird may enjoy a place in our fauna for many years to come.

John Holt, '58



FALSE PRETENSES

Pris Conway ran lightly down the boardwalk and stopped short at the sight of a tall, bronzed lifeguard leaning lazily against the pier, gazing out idly at the deep blue sea.

"Hmm," she thought, "this is going to take a bit of concentration."

It couldn't have taken too much, however, as barely a half hour had passed when she could be seen striking out into the waves, looking the picture of contentment as she swam farther and farther out. "In fact, come to think of it," pondered Joe the lifeguard, "she was going too far out--way beyond the safety line."

Then suddenly it happened. Almost before she screamed, Joe, who had anticipated just such a thing, had leaped into the water and was well on his way to the rescue.

"Oh thank you," she gasped, clinging to him for dear life as they began to make their way to shore.

"You shouldn't have gone beyond the safety zone" he began, but then a look of pain flashed across his face. "You'll have to help me now," he said. "My leg has a cramp in it."

That night as they sat on the swing on her front porch looking up at the full moon, which seemed to have donned its best attire for their benefit, if you listened closely you could hear; "Joe--"

"Umm?"

"I have a confession to make. No, wait," she begged determinedly, as he started to interrupt. "I wasn't really in danger of drowning out there this afternoon. I just did it to get your attention."

"Now it's my turn," he finished. "You little nut. Don't you think I knew that all the time? Why do you think I pretended to have a cramp? I'd been trying to get up enough courage to meet you all summer!"

And then for a long time all you could hear was the soft lapping of the waves as they broke against the wall and rolled silently out to sea again.

Mary Phelan, '58



SUMMER NIGHT

The day had been hot, but now the night was even hotter. It seemed as though the blackness of the sky was just a lid to keep in the heat.

Outside, it was like being wrapped in a soft, warm blanket. Mosquitoes hung about the front porch light and settled hungrily on any edible-looking object, mostly me.

I sat on the big front step, looking across the street at the ocean. It was black, too, and lapped lazily on the warm pebbles of the shore.

Andy Lowry, the boy from up the street, came by. His footsteps didn't sound loud and hollow like footsteps usually do at night, but they were muffled, as if he were walking in his socks. He mumbled a hello and I smiled back somewhat sheepishly and ducked my head because I felt big and out of place, just sitting there under the light.

The radio played a "Blues" song and all of a sudden I felt like crying. I don't know why. I read somewhere that when you're in your teens things like that happen, so I don't worry much about it.

I decided I couldn't very well cry sitting on the front porch, so I got up and started walking down the street. I could hear the baby across the street crying fretfully and his father talking to him. I always feel a little embarrassed when something like that happens. It's like listening when you know you're not supposed to, so I started walking faster.

The street stretched out, dark and narrow, and at the curve I could see the lights of the Seaview House with the dark figures of the people silhouetted on the porch.

An elderly couple were walking slowly up the road, stopping now and then to look at a house or peer at a bush or flower. I could tell they were summer visitors. The soft murmur of their voices floated after them long after they had rounded the bend.

At the general store I stopped and looked in through the screen door. The big fan in the corner droned on incessantly, swaying the straw hats and belts hung up for sale. Mr. Crosby was half-heartedly mopping up the counter with slow, wide circles. The magazines drooped dejectedly in the racks and sour smell of warm, stale ice cream hung on the heavy air. I was glad I didn't work there.

I crossed the street and plowed through the soft sand of the beach. The tide was low and the sand and water stretched out in an ebony carpet with lights from the point like pale splashes of some silver-gold liquid spilled upon it by a careless princess.

The ocean had an unearthly calmness about it. Only the watery crackle of a sea shell, when I stepped on it, or the squishy sound of the sand near the water broke the heavy stillness.

A car turned in and parked at the head of the beach, its headlights swinging in a wide arc on the sand. For a minute they illuminated the ridges of the sand, casting queer, dark shadows; then, suddenly, they blacked out and the beach fell into darkness once more.

Suddenly I felt cold and lonely. The ocean at night makes you feel like that. You look at its immense, inky blackness and it seems to be so wise and cynical, laughing at you for being so foolish and human, and you want bright lights and somebody to assure you that you're not so terribly stupid and insignificant as it knows you to be.

I turned to go home.

Claire Oskar, '58



DANGEROUS JOURNEY

We boarded the cable car, my father, sister, and I. My mother didn't feel courageous enough to make the short trip across Niagara's

Whirlpool Rapids. As I looked back, the worried look on her face changed quickly to a smile, somewhat forced.

Eight of us seated ourselves comfortably in the car, which was intricately crossed with wires. To all appearances, it looked to be a bird cage, inappropriately perched high above the Rapids.

The car soon moved slowly over the treacherous waters. Everyone seemed to enjoy the picture postcard view. The colorful panorama was exciting to witness from our lofty heights. The calm ripples of the blue-green lake were continuously broken by foaming waves. Cool, blue waterfalls were sighted, strategically placed among the parched, red-brown hills, and occasionally we would pass a section of fresh green trees which appeared to be cropped closely like a new "poodle cut." Yes, everyone was pleased with the excursion; everyone, that is, but one matronly Negro woman accompanied by a woman companion.

From the start of the trip she had displayed fear of the rapids and probably had been pressured into going along. She did not trust the safety of the cable car, even though we had all been assured that eight thicknesses of wire cable would hold as much as ten tons; even one cable would support us if it were necessary.

Not realizing the woman's fear, my sister turned to my father and said, "What if all the cables broke, Daddy?"

Hearing this, the Negro woman exclaimed in her Southern drawl, "Chile, don't even think such a thought," and then proceeded to pray, on bended knees, "Lordy, please let me come out of this alive."

When at last we disembarked, I related this incident to my mother. She wished she had gone with us to just have seen the woman who must have been scared more than she would have been.

Josephine Bonanno, '57



THE TELEPHONE CALL

It was just an unimportant telephone call. It was just as unimportant to me as Jerry Lewis is to Dean Martin. The call was from Sue Blakely, my best girl. I can still hear her voice, a little uneasy and feigning sincerity. "Hi, Jim! I'm terribly sorry, but I can't make the Winter Frolic with you Friday night. I know it's late to tell you, but my brother is coming home from college for the weekend and he's bringing his roommate. Bob wants me to date him Friday night. I wouldn't break our date, but Bob has already told him I'd go."

Her voice went on and on. My mind began to reel and my face grew hot with rage. I didn't hear another word. I vaguely remember dropping the phone on the hook.

Wheels! That's what those college guys are. All they want to do is steal the high school kids' girls. Just because he goes to college she thinks she's stepping into the "Big Time!"

I decided to take a walk to cool off, but the farther I went the more I got to thinking. Girls puzzle me. Wasn't it good of her to give me five days notice? She's a real decent kid! Who does she think she is? Well, I'm not going to sit around while she has a good time. There are other girls, I guess.

As I reached this brilliant conclusion, I found myself at my front door, which was locked, eager to get inside to call Jill, A girl who lived down the block and might be interested in going to the Frolic with me.

I took the extra key from the mailbox and quickly unlocked, opened and closed the door.

Thumbtacked to the clock in the front hall was a note: "Jim, Sue called. Said to tell you her brother is not coming home after all. Wants you to call her if you're home before 10:30."

I glanced back at the clock. Nine forty-five! I rushed for the phone and picked up the receiver.

"Number, please."

I hesitated, smiled, then slowly but firmly hung up. It was about time for a change for this kid.

Claire Towler, '57



BEACHCOMBING

It isn't difficult to describe an afternoon of beachcombing.

Our particular afternoon might be in late spring, before others have already stripped the beach of the treasures that the winter storms have left. Also, our particular afternoon is a cold, windy, and clear one. The whitecaps are dancing over the whole surface of the ocean.

At first we have a little walk through the lovely spruced woods. Our path comes right out on a gray, stony beach. The ocean and the magnificent view are before our eyes. We wind our way along the top of the beach, our eyes peeled for unusual stones or pieces of driftwood. We find a beautiful stone of unusual stripes and colors, only to find that when it dries it is no longer the beautiful stone, but just an old rock like all the rest of them. We see many lobster traps en route, some practically new or some barely in one piece. Then, of course, there are the inevitable lobster buoys of all shapes and colors.

We always hope to find a note in each of the many empty bottles scattered along the beach saying, "Help! Rescue me! I'm on X Island." Of course there really never are any notes in any of the bottles. It's fun to think there might be.

Oh, look! Here we come across a dead seal washed up on the shore. It's probable one of the seals that the lobstermen have shot--seals eat lobster.

By this time we are rather heavily laden down by twenty stones in our pockets, half a dozen lobster buoys, walking sticks, loads of driftwood, baitbags, and numerous other interesting things.

We happily trudge home through the woods again with our treasures.

Sarah Lord, '59



GROWING PAINS

Voices from the gym drifted out into the cool night air. To the outsider they sounded warm and friendly. I knew differently. Inside were icy eyes, cold stares, and sharp tongues, ready to pounce on the least imperfect detail in my appearance, or so it seemed to me.

My unwilling feet moved me to the door. There I paused. My trembling hand grasped the door handle. Pulling it open, I slipped inside. My eyes took it all in quickly; red and black crepe paper stretched from one end of the gym to the other, gray figures moving softly about the floor, pausing every now and then to laugh or flirt with one of the boys. How easy it all looked!

Taking a deep breath and trying to look inconspicuous, I made my way to the nearest corner of the room. The music stopped just as I sat down. Boys returned girls to their places and the music started again.

My eyes followed longingly as girl after girl was chosen. Finally, I was left alone again.

Two hours later I was still sitting in the lonely corner. My new dress lay in unwrinkled folds. It had looked so pretty on the rack, a brilliantly striped taffeta with black velvet trimming. Evidently, clothes didn't make the girl.

The final dance but still no one came near my chair. Wait--there was someone. My eyes lighted and then dimmed. He went right on by me to the next girl. Knowing I could stand it no longer, I left.

The soft strains of music mingled with voices from the gym again drifted out into the cool night air. All this and the sound of the many happy voices made me feel slightly sick with envy.

Occasionally a car's headlights rounded the corner and moved on down the avenue. Finally, a car rounded the bend and came toward the school. It stopped. Jumping up, I walked toward it and opened the door.

"How was the party?" asked a familiar voice.

Forcing a smile, I pulled in my skirt and shut the door.

"Fine, just super."

Martha Jane Meeker, '60



FREYA

Near the little village of Oberon is a secret place known only to me, the birds and animals of the forest, and a young girl. Here is a pool of clear, mountain water lying in the cool shade of the pine trees. The grass is like a green velvet carpet all around the pool.

I came upon this place quite by accident one day as I was walking in the forest near the village. There seemed to be something about the place which made me stop where I was and not go any nearer.

It was then that I saw her. On the other side of the pool was the most beautiful, young girl I had ever seen. She had very long golden hair, skin as white as the snow, and cheeks as red as roses. She was wearing a very plain dress which almost blended with the grass and trees behind her.

Near her stood a small fawn, calmly drinking from the pool. A small bird was perched on her shoulder, and next to her sat a squirrel eating his dinner.

She rose and walked to the edge of the forest with the gracefulness of something that is not real--something you see in a dream. Then, to my amazement, she was gone.

When I returned to the village I inquired about this place and about the beautiful girl I had seen in the forest. I learned that few people in this tiny village had ever been into the forest.

There was a legend that demons dwelt in the forest and that they held as a prisoner Freya, a beautiful nymph. The villagers had believed this folklore for centuries, but I thought it was a lot of nonsense.

I left Oberon the next day and returned to the city. I have never gone back there but I will never forget that tiny village and its strange legend. I am sure that my beautiful Freya still lives there in the forest.

Christine Carney, '58

LIBERTY OR DEATH

Johnny sat on the top of the corral, his narrowed eyes taking in intently the fine lines of the golden colt below him as it raced along its dam's protective side.

"It looks like he's worth all the work I went through to catch him," Johnny said to the yellow dog sitting on his haunches next to the rail. The dog looked up, his tail thumping, his large brown eyes searching his young master's face.

"I guess," the boy went on, "that Dad will be a mite surprised when I ride into the ranch yard, leading this here colt."

He laughed, picturing his father's amazed face at the feat that he, a boy of only seventeen years, had accomplished. For years there had been great horse hunters, crafty Apache braves, and others who had tried to track down this famous mare and capture her young foals, but she had always managed, with her young, to get away.

Johnny slid from the top rail and went back to his camp. He opened a can of beans and proceeded to make his supper. With that finished and his dishes done, he crawled into his sleeping bag.

It was long past midnight when Johnny was awakened by the splintering of wood. He immediately arose to his feet, just in time to see two shadows melt into the darkness.

He roped his horse and saddled up, following the trail of the mare and colt. They had headed west towards the stretching plains of the flats. They were traveling at high speed, difficult for a horse carrying a man and heavy saddle to equal, but Johnny's horse followed doggedly.

After about a mile of hard riding, Johnny sighted the escapees up ahead. He also saw that the mare was limping badly on her right front foot which she had probably hurt while breaking from the corral.

Just before them lay Cripple Creek, a creek usually quiet and slow moving, but with the cloudbursts that had been frequenting the area for the past few days, a now raging and dangerous stream.

Johnny saw that the mare intended to jump the stream, for she was nipping and squealing at her colt to make him jump across. He finally gathered his haunches under him and leaped, safely reaching the other side. His mother moved back and then also leaped, but with one of her legs practically useless, did not quite make the other side; her forefeet caught the edge of the bank, but the dirt crumbled beneath them and she fell back into the water. Squealing and kicking, she fought a hopeless battle against the current, and at last her proud and defiant head slipped beneath the water.

On the other side of the stream, the colt whinnied to his lost mother and at last turned and headed towards his home on the flats.

Johnny sat there, helpless to follow because of the raging stream. He dared not take a chance and jump it.

Once more one of Chiquita's foals was free, but this time at the cost of her own life.

Paula Coates, '58



PORTRAIT OF POLLY

When I was a child of not more than seven years, one of my favorite pastimes was to visit my dearest friend Polly. I would like to introduce her to you so that you may know and love her as I do.

She was a large-framed woman, sitting in her tall, stately chair. In front of her was a small card table where she played an endless game of solitaire. Her hands bore the marks of hard work, and her character was domineering and demanding of respect, like that of a man. She had had no formal education to speak of, but she could put the greatest philosophers to shame with her down-to-earth expression of her philosophy of life. She was stern yet tender. Even the stubbornest of plants would blossom under her care. She was a doctor of all ills and did not hesitate to prescribe for them.

This is a portrait of Polly, a symbol of the generation we have all descended from, who lived every minute of her 93 years and whose memory still lingers on.

Jo Ellen Robertson, '58



CONSCIENCE

The furrows in Jim's brow deepened as he looked over his property on sale. He had to have the money somehow, somehow. Jean needed an operation. Only way to get it was to sell the farm.

Jim kicked the turf in disgust. The strip running along the river looked good now. But for weeks every spring, when the nearby mountain snows melted, it became flooded like a swamp. Seed planted in the spring would mostly rot. Crops would be miserably poor. Yet he had to sell it for Jean's sake. Put it over on some trusting old goot. Namely, Carl Henner. He was coming this afternoon to sign the final papers. A newcomer in these parts, Henner didn't know the fault of the land as the local folks did. He had been eager to buy, and the arrangements had been made with never a mention of the spring floods nor how the tract was almost worthless for farming.

Jim shrugged. No fault of his if Henner was an old fool, not bothering to check about the land. Besides, the money would just cover Jean's operation. Jim walked slowly back to the farmhouse to await Carl Henner. Even Jean thought something was wrong with Jim.

"What's wrong, Jim? Something's bothering you. Can't you raise the money we need?"

"Everything's all right, Jean," Jim said. "I'll have the money soon to fix you up; don't worry about it." He closed the bedroom door.

A knock on the door announced Carl Henner. He was young and eager, with a pleasant smile. Jim spread out the papers to be signed. Henner had agreed without question to the high price. The young fool.

Jim cleared his throat nervously. "Wouldn't you like to look over the land once more before signing, Henner?"

"You haven't changed your mind?" asked Henner in some dismay. "I'm anxious to close the deal. The land is just what I want."

"But the price," began Jim.

Henner stared, "All right. Perhaps it should be more."

"More," gasped Jim. He had meant to give Henner a chance to pull the price down. Jim looked at his innocent face, torn inside. He was like Jim in his youth, wishing to establish a home and a farm. What if in those days someone had palmed off on him a worthless piece of land. How different his life would have been, with that bad start. Jim groaned.

Suddenly, he looked Henner square in the eye. "I can't do it, Henner. I didn't mention before that the land floods every spring. It wouldn't grow a decent crop of weeds. It would be a crime to take your money. Before you go, it's your right to call me any names you want."

Carl Henner was smiling. "I have a confession too," he confided. "I'm not a farmer at all, but a surveyor. You see, your swampy land happens to be a good prospect for oil. If anybody's getting the better bargain, I am. Please let me raise the price. My conscience was hurting me."

Jim stood stupified and took the money handed to him by Henner. He had plenty of money now to take care of Jean. And it was honest money.

He shook hands with Henner and watched him go.

Victor Battaglioli, '58



DESTINATION: NOWHERE

My name? Mark Bennet. Age? I'll be forty-seven in December. Occupation? I'm a reporter for the *New York Daily Tribune*. The story I'm about to tell will be my last.

It happened a year ago last April. I was making my usual rounds of the East Side, looking for a good story, when a kid of about twenty-four grabbed my arm and pushed me into a convenient nearby alley.

"Mister, I gotta talk to somebody. You've gotta help me."

A common plea, you say? One that a newspaper man like myself must hear at least a thousand times in the course of a year's work. But this was different! Soon, I was to find this out.

"Listen, big boy," I said, "I haven't got all day. Speak up or shut up."

"It's a long story, I gotta start from the beginning. Know any quiet place we could go?"

"Come on up to my place," I said. "It's as good as any." One of those "run-of-the-mill" sob stories, I thought.

This is his story. I'll let you judge for yourself.

"My name's Harry Eastman. I was born right here on the East Side of Manhattan. Two years ago I was drafted, and I've been in Korea for the past fourteen months. Just docked a week ago in the States. My buddy and me, we were doing the town. You know, sort of getting reacquainted with the old place. Boy, it was great to be back. No more Korean hills.....just good ole Manhattan. You don't know how good the Empire State looks when all you've seen for over a year is bombed buildings and filthy huts. Well, this morning I was showing Ken, that's my buddy, my old neighborhood, and this old drunk starts to follow us. First we didn't pay any attention to him. Then he began to bother us, so we sort of tried to kid him and shake loose of him at the same time. Well, this didn't do no good either. So my buddy, he was in Korea too, gives him a slap on the back and tells him to blow. Man, this guy gets all flustered-like, and all of a sudden, he whips a .32 caliber out of his pocket. In the beginning, we figured he was tipsy and was just foolin' around. But then we knew he wasn't playing cops and robbers with us.

All of a sudden, my buddy used an old Army trick and lunged head-long at him. The trigger went off. I tell you, man, I was nearly wild with hysteria. There's my buddy on the ground, his guts spillin' out in front of me. He had thirty-nine missions in Korea and the only thing the Commies gave him was a sprained ankle. Here he was back in the States one week, and a no good bum slaughtered him. I turned away, I couldn't look at Ken,---it was too much to ask.

"I looked up and saw that this drunk had dropped his gun and was running away as fast as his fat legs could carry him. I took off after him. I caught him, too! He didn't have a chance. He's floating down the East River. Well, I guess that's all. You can turn me in now. I just wanted someone to know the truth before it was too late. But I just ask you, what could I do? Thirty-nine missions, and one measly sprained ankle; one week in the States...."

With this, the Korean War veteran broke down and wept. What could I say? What could I do? My son died in Korea at the age of twenty-one. Harry and his buddy came back. "Came back to what?" I asked myself. How could I let him down? I had nothing to lose. My wife died two years ago. All that remains of my son is under a simple cross, somewhere on those gray hills of war-torn Korea. What could I do? I asked myself that over and over again. What could I do? But somehow, I knew.

That's my story. What did I do, you ask? I have an appointment in an hour--with the gas chamber at Alcatraz. It was a cinch, getting the rap pinned on me. I had nothing to lose.....nothing to gain. I've got nothing to live for. Harry is free. Harry's alive---that's all that matters.

Louise Mooradkanian,'57



DEATH IN THE SNOW

It was a night like this when it happened, over three years ago. The wind was howling around the house, first high pitched like a love-lorn coyote, then low like a giant tuba blowing out its last note. Here and there an ice-sheathed branch tapped at the frost-covered windows. I wasn't frightened or lonely, but my heart was chilled both with the freezing temperature of the night and the loss of my cherished friend.

I have tried to forget that fatal accident but I can't. I never will. The accident is most vivid to me when I hear the clean, distinct crunch of tires on the crust of a snow-covered road. Even a heavy footstep treading on the snow brings that horrid scene back in poignant fragments, until the entire picture etches itself on my mind. It's a terrible sensation to see a helpless, warm body pump out its last breath and lie still before you, but that's what I saw with horror three years ago and have seen every winter since.

I had finished my homework, mainly civics, and decided to take a walk in the brisk night air. My companion was Buddy, my own puppy. He was a round, bouncing ball of soft, buff fur. Two black beady eyes always were pleading for something, and his shiny, moist nose looked like an ice cube thawing in an empty glass, misty and cool. Buddy liked the snow; he should, because he came from a famous line of Alaskan huskies.

We walked as far as the drab orange hydrant which was clad in a new hat of downy, white snow. Buddy yapped for attention as he sat under the murky, yellow stream of light shooting down from the staunch, lonely utility pole. I turned and ran, and Buddy whizzed past me, flicking the snow up in my face like whipped cream. The sparkling crystals melted quickly and trickled slowly in my eyes. My vision was blurred, but my ears still re-echo that last, dying cry from an almost human creature. Even before I reached my Buddy, I knew he would never sit beneath that thin stream of light again, or rub his finely carved

head against my knee. The melted flakes of snow mingled with the salty tears running from my eyes. As quickly as they were shed, they froze against my cheeks, and I felt as if I were enclosed in an iron mask.

Buddy lay limp when I reached him. His eyes were cloudy, holding death in their pupils. His tail gave one painful, last wag, and his nose was as dry as my mother's velvet pin cushion. What could I do? That pleading look still in his eyes tore at my heart. I held him in my arms, tight against my bosom, and I could feel the warm, tingling blood of life rush from his broken body and soak into my new, crisp white mittens. A last whimper and Buddy lay still, his eyes shut in peace and contentment and his soft ears folded the way I like them to fold. Buddy died in my arms the way he would want to die, and I rubbed my face gently in the ruff of his neck.

Then I saw the huge, dark shadow stretch across the snow coming, closer to the ground near me. A tall, young man knelt down beside me and, as he did, I noticed he too had tears in his eyes. I longed to tell him it was an accident| not his fault---but still, I couldn't---he had taken away my Buddy. He helped me up and I held Buddy closer to my shivering, sob-torn body. I felt the itching sensation of wool as the stranger gently draped a clean-smelling blanket over the heavy, still form of Buddy. Not a word was spoken as we crossed the street to my house. The two bright eyes of the car's headlights were glaring at us out of the dark, and casting two sharp, white beams on the mounded snowdrifts.

Mom was waiting at the old, rust-colored storm door and invited the stranger in as I hurriedly passed her by. Gently I lay Buddy on the old, soft green sofa and remained by his side, hoping he was just in a deep sleep and would wake up soon. Unconsciously I removed my coat, my white angora hat, and my blood-soaked mittens. My eyes never left Buddy's body, hoping they would see a faint but steady throbbing come from the still form. It was no use; Buddy had entered the "undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns".

The soft murmur of voices from the kitchen rose and fell like the tide. I could smell the strong, bitter aroma of fresh coffee. The gurgle of the black liquid made my stomach twist, and hot, salty tears rose in my eyes and flooded my face once more. My hopes rose as the fur on Buddy's neck slightly quivered, but I realized it was only from a strong draft from the window, as I felt its coolness sweep across my neck. I sank back into my hollow, aching self and whispered a prayer for Buddy. I don't remember exactly what I said, but I'll never forget seeing the faint bluish-white light above Buddy's head and the feeling of a Great Hand on my bowed head. I knew instantly Buddy had been taken care of.

Even with that feeling of safety, I still cry when I see snow and dogs together. Although we have another dog, also of husky descent, she will not own my heart like Buddy did. Buddy was my first and only dog, and I shall never forget him.

My new dog has my love, affection, and companionship, too. Many times I have told her about Buddy and she understands--her bright eyes become misty and sad-looking, and her ears fold softly on her head like Buddy's used to. Truly, she shares my deep love of Buddy.

Jean Doiron,'57



POET'S CORNER

MAY I JUST TOUCH HIS HAND

Before He passed from human sight
 From earth to a better land,
 His soul was gathering up its might
 To test His wings for final flight,
 And then He touched my hand.
 Yes, touched my hand, His lordship did,
 And gazed down from the blue,
 To join my mind in glorious thought,
 And then He touched my hand.

Some day I'll pass from earthly sight,
 This summons God has planned.
 My soul will one day see His light.
 O Spirit! help me win this fight!
 My time is in His plan.
 But when I reach that realm not hid,
 By heavenly breezes blown,
 And give Him thanks for all He brought
 And for the beauteous wonders He has wrought,
 May I just touch His hand.

Russell L. Aaronian, '57



ODE TO THE CLOCK

Merciless master, forcing all mankind to haste,
 Gleaming in splendor, superb in your power,
 Forcing us to realize there's no time to waste.
 From our birth to our death, you lurk at our heels,
 The epitome of torture, so everyone feels.
 For who in this world can truthfully say
 That there's sufficient time in one fast, fleeting day
 To do all the things which one must certainly do
 And partake of the numerous joys of life, too?
 For this simple reason, mankind is considered to be
 A nerve-shattered prisoner, under strong-lock and key,
 Slave to that demanding, merciless mock
 Known to the human race as the clock.

Karin Roebuck, '58



C'EST LA VIE!

Tis the night of the party, you've so long awaited,
 With a handsome young fellow whom you've never dated.
 Quarter to eight and you still haven't dressed,

Everything's wrong and your hair's just a mess!
 Your brothers are fighting and oh! what a din!
 You pray that they'll stop before he comes in.
 Is this dress too dressy, or would that one look better?
 Where is your mother? You must run and get her.
 "Which one looks nicer, Mom. the blue or the peach?"
 "Whichever you want, dear. You look cute in each."
 Hurry and decide, time is fast rushing by,
 But you can't make up your mind, Oh why!, oh, why!
 You glance at the clock. Oh, he's late, God bless him!
 You hope you look nice. You want to impress him!
 But your kid sister's home and you know she'll say something.
 Why can't she be quiet and just say nothing?
 But that'd be too simple. Life's just not like that,
 'Cause she loves to tease you at the drop of a hat.
 Getting ready for a date is such a chore.
 No time to dawdle, there's his knock at the door!
 You float down the stairs, a vision in blue.
 His eyes light up brightly the minute he sees you.
 Kiss your mother and father, tell them goodnight,
 Everything's perfect! Everything's right!

Lynne Christiansen,'58

LIMERICKS

There once was a girl known as Moe
 Who lived in a small bungalow.
 She claims it's quite cozy
 But the neighbors are nosey
 So she's moving to old Buffalo.
 Ruth Ann Smith,'57

There once was a man from Peru
 Who went for a ride in a shoe.
 He got caught in the tongue
 And nearly got hung.
 It's strange, but it could happen to you
 Carol Ackroyd,'57

There was a young hounddog from Spain
 Who had what he thought was a pain.
 He went to the vet,
 Who studied this pet,
 And found he was weak in the brain.

Richard Schubert,'57

There was a young man from Nantasket
 Who got his foot caught in a basket.
 When it started to roll
 It hit a large pole,
 And the man ended up in a casket.

A THEME

Writing a theme is a tortuous task,
 You chew at your nails, you groan and you gasp.
 Inspiration is far, far away so it seems,
 As your mind wanders off to the land of daydreams.
 You look at the clock. "Time is fast rushing by!"
 You say to yourself with a desperate cry.
 But you think of the party that's soon to take place.....
 Then you picture the look on your parents' face
 When you walk in the door with an "E" on your card.
 No need to wonder, you know it'll go hard.
 So you must buckle down, at least make a try,
 But your mind's just a blank, you'll never know why.
 Suddenly it happens. An idea has come!
 Write it down quickly, oh talented one!
 Writing a theme is a tortuous task,
 But oh, joy of joys, you've finished at last!

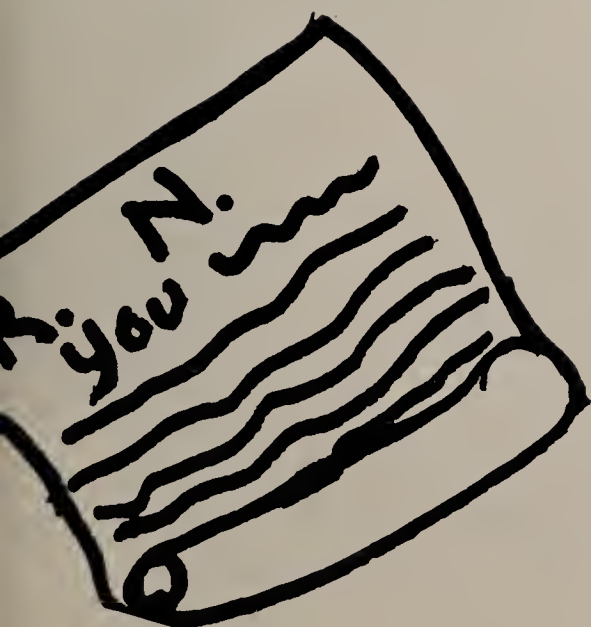
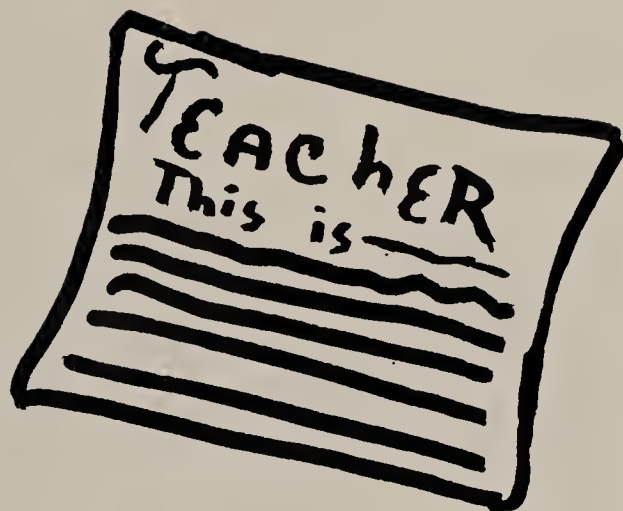
Lynne Christiansen,'58



SENIOR



DREAMS





TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Musical Doings

Our band and chorus were represented at the New England Music Festival by Dorothy Stansel, Priscilla Watts, and Barbara Weingart. This festival was held in Plainville, Connecticut, March 21-23.

Those in attendance from North Andover band and chorus at the Massachusetts All-State Concert which was held in Northampton, Mass., on March 30, were Maryann Kurgan, Adele Bullock, and Dorothy Stansel.

Our school band participated in the Northeastern Massachusetts Music Festival held in Concord, Mass., on Saturday, May 4. In the morning there were auditions of the various bands; then, in the afternoon, the bands marched in a parade and later took part in a band concert.

We are glad to see that our band and chorus, under the excellent direction of Mr. Mosher, have taken such an active part in musical affairs throughout the state. They have also played at our football games and the basketball games which were played in the Boston Garden during the Tech Tourney.

The annual spring concert was held on Friday evening, May 10. The high school band and chorus combined with the band and chorus of the grammar schools to play several patriotic and religious selections.

The concert was most successful and enjoyable.

L. M.



ANNIE L. SARGENT SPEAKING CONTEST

On May 17 the Annie L. Sargent Speaking Contest was held in our auditorium. The contest is conducted annually and all high school students are eligible to participate. The first prize is fifteen dollars, the second is ten dollars, and the third is five dollars.

Those participating were Lois Meserve, who presented "Look What You Did, Christopher"; Robert Hoogerzeil, who recited "This is the Age of People's Capitalism"; Susan Roberts, who gave "The Graduate"; Richard Lange, giving "The Greatest Battle Ever Won"; Dorothy Stansel reciting "The Creation"; Douglas Morse, presenting "Who Was the Artist?"; and Diane McDowell, reciting "The Waltz".

The judges were Mrs. Norma Angelotti, B. L. I., Emerson College, and Mr. John Caswell, former state orator, Order of DeMolay for Massachusetts. Mr. McDonald was the director.

At the time of publication, the winners had not yet been announced.

C. C.

INTRAMURAL VOLLEYBALL

In the intramural volleyball games there were two divisions competing against one another. The first division consisted of the Spartans, the Saxons, and the Warriors. In division two were the Rinky Dinks, Cavaliers, and the Cobrans.

In each division a play-off for first place was necessary to determine a division winner. The division one play-off resulted in a 21-12 victory for the Spartans over the Saxons. In division two the Rinky Dinks defeated the Cavaliers by a score of 21-10.

Some excellent volleyball was played during the Intramural Tournament.

The Spartans, winners of division one, were Mike Broderick, Andy Heinze, Doug Meyer, Ray Galloni, David Donovan, Bruce Gourley, Doug Walsh, Walter Wilson, Ron Howard, and Frank Elander.

The division two winners, the Rinky Dinks, were Mike Cahill, John Gallant, George Haigh, Doug Morse, Bill Blackstock, Bill Nicora, Doug Stevenson, and Bob Harris. C. A.



BASKETBALL TESTIMONIAL

On April 4th a testimonial, given by the Boosters' Club of North Andover, was held in our cafeteria in honor of our basketball team. The main speaker was Tom Clayton.

Each boy on the team received a beautiful red and black jacket with the figure of a scarlet knight on the back. The boys also received individual trophies and medals. Co-Captains Robin Munroe and Andy Zigelis were presented with a big trophy to be placed in our showcase. Mr. Laroche, boys' basketball coach, received a Parker pen from the team.

The banquet was one of the most enjoyable events of the school year. C. P.



RECORD

ASSEMBLIES

March 1, a combination of two assemblies was held. The first was an honor society assembly when five new members were inducted. The second was a talk by Mr. George Bowie. His subject was "Let's Get Personal" and gave teenagers a few pointers on growing up. Mr. Bowie's manner and presentation made this talk very enjoyable.

April 25, we were pleased to welcome Mr. Hans Waecker and his Swabian Puppets in an episode entitled "The Jewel Thief." We wish to thank Mr. Waecker for one of our most unusual and entertaining assemblies.

On Thursday, May 9, Mr. Edwin Cooper, graduate of the University of Chicago and teacher of physics at Northwestern University, presented a highly interesting talk on recent advances in the field of science. This assembly program brought before us vividly the scientific miracles which have been accomplished in our age and the possibility of the accomplishment of even greater feats by science in the near future.

C. C.



GUIDANCE

Three open houses were held this spring-- at the University of Massachusetts, Franklin Technical Institute, and M.I.T.

The North Andover Woman's Club recently announced George Haigh as the recipient of the Helen S. Carvell Scholarship. Congratulations, George!

In April two seniors, Bruce Russell and Dot Stansel, took the exam given by the A. F. of L., and the C. I. O. This is for a scholarship of \$500 and that is given to two deserving students on a state wide-basis.

More seniors who have been accepted to college are Dave Warwick, Northeastern; George Haigh, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Bob Chesel, Vesper George Art School; Judy Knightly, University of New Hampshire; Joyce Myhaver, Donna Mulchahey, and Clare Towler, Lawrence General Hospital; Jimmy Ord, Burdett College; Dot Stansel, Oberlin; Susan Lodge, Lawrence General Hospital; Rhoda Broderick, St. Elizabeth's Hospital; and Douglas Morse, Boston University. Dot Stansel has also been notified of being awarded a \$200 scholarship to Wilson College in Pennsylvania.

D. S.



HONOR SOCIETY

On March 30th our Honor Society, in conjunction with those of Andover, Methuen, and Haverhill, held a dance in our gym. Many young people from all these schools attended and the proceeds, \$274.05, were sent to the Hungarian Relief Fund.

A meeting of our Honor Society was held on May 2 to discuss plans for a bakery sale to be held on May 25.

The Haverhill chapter of the Honor Society invited our chapter to a panel discussion and social hour which was held on May 14 from 3:00 to 5:00. About eighteen members from our Society attended.

New members taken into our Society at its annual spring induction included Joan Doiron, senior, and Susan Roberts, Charlotte Bullock, Sarah Lord, David Donovan, and Terry Johnson, sophomores.

K. R.



STUDENT COUNCIL

At a recent meeting of the Student Council it was decided to hold a car wash, on May 18 in the high school parking lot. The proceeds were used to defray the expenses of the Prom and After-Prom. Volunteers from the junior and senior classes took part in this project.

L. C.

DANCES

The annual basketball banquet, game, and dance, that is put on by the girls' varsity and junior varsity basketball teams, was held March 15.

The supper began at 5:30 p.m. and was served in the cafeteria. The boys' and girls' varsity and junior varsity teams and their coaches were the guests. The game, which followed at 7:00 p.m., was hindered by the tying of two players together at the hands and feet. Despite this, the boys managed to squeeze out a victory.

The dance concluded the evening and netted approximately \$100 for the girls' basketball team. The chaperones for the evening were Miss Dunham, Miss Chapman, Miss Torpey, Mr. Regan, and Mr. McDonald.

Saturday, March 30, the combined Honor Societies of North Andover, Andover, Haverhill, and Methuen High Schools held a dance for Hungarian Relief in the North Andover High gym. The sum of \$274.05 was sent to the International Rescue Committee from this dance.

We wish to extend our thanks to the other Societies and their advisors who cooperated with us to make this dance a success.

We also wish to express our appreciation to those members of the faculties of the four schools who acted as chaperones. The chaperones from North Andover High were Miss Cook, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Crozier, Mr. Regan, and Mr. Lee.

C. T.



SAFETY POSTER CONTEST

A safety poster contest, sponsored by the Eclectic Club, was recently conducted in Miss Olive Butler's art classes. The art work was so well done, Western Electric displayed the winning posters in the company plant as part of its accident prevention program. The entries had been previously exhibited in North Andover High's library. First and second prize winners in the high school were: seniors, Donna Hamilton and Judith Thornton; sophomores, Ruth E. Smith and Barbara Subatch; freshmen, Jean Newcomb and Arlene Flynn.

L. E. M.



ROPE CLIMBING CLUB

Recently a rope climbing club was formed. The object is for members to attempt to climb the twenty-foot ropes in the gymnasium using only their arms. Boys who have joined this club to undertake this feat of strength include Henry Pitman, Richard Saunders, Douglas Knapp, Richard Bell, William Stanley, David Lambert, Hollis Curtis, Douglas Morse and Leonard Despres.

L. E. M.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Cheering tryouts were held on May second and third. Of all the girls that tried out on May second, twelve were chosen by the cheerleaders to enter into the finals on the third.

We wish to congratulate Donna Hammond chosen from the freshman class. We are sure she will do a good job!

G. DeF.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Our congratulations are extended to the newly initiated members of the Honor Society from our class. They are Sally Lord, Terry Johnson, Charlotte Bullock, Susan Roberts, and David Donovan. This is a high honor and we are proud of these five pupils for their outstanding scholastic ability.

At the basketball testin cial honoring the varsity basketball team for its outstanding season Joe Walsh, Mike Byron, and Jim Yeutter of our class were presented black jackets with the scarlet knight emblem on it. Good going, boys!

Congratulations also to Marie Sullivan, newly elected cheerleader from our class, and Judy Nicora, who was named as a substitute cheerleader. A. M.



JUNIOR CLASS

On May 30, a member of the junior class, Vic Battaglioli, delivered the Gettysburg Address at the Memorial Day exercises at Ridgewood Cemetery.

On May 3, the following junior cheerleaders were elected: Mary Mahoney, Carole Parker and Nancy Saul. Jo Ellen Robertson and Claire Oskar will continue on the squad. Ann Marie Barrett and Janet Drummey were elected to the position of head cheerleaders for the coming year. J. E. R.



SENIOR CLASS

A senior class meeting was held on March 26, at which time many important matters were discussed. John Gallant was chosen class orator and the motto on which he is to base his speech is: "With the ropes of the past we will ring the bells of the future." It was decided to also have red and white as the class colors, with the girls wearing white gowns and the boys black gowns, and both groups having red tassels on their caps. By arranging it in this manner, both the class and school colors will be represented. Judy Tetler and Bill Blackstock were chosen class marshals, and the other senior honors went to Dorothy Paradis and Bill Nicora who are to write the class history, Eileen DeBurro and Bob Harris who will write the class will, and Judy Knightly and Douglas Morse who will give the prophecy. Congratulations are extended to all the above mentioned seniors. We know they will do a swell job!

A meeting was also held in early April at which time the class voted to have a senior chorus sing at graduation. It is to be made up of all seniors interested in taking part. Rehearsals are to be held every Monday and, with everyone's co-operation, it is sure to be a successful undertaking.

Congratulations to Joan Doiron on her acceptance into the Honor Society and also to Laura Curtis, Louise Mooradkanian, and Dorothy Stansel, this year's valedictorian, salutatorian, and class essayist respectively. You are certainly deserving of the honors bestowed upon you, girls.

At a senior class meeting on May 7th, it was voted to transfer thirty dollars from the senior class treasury to the yearbook fund. It was also

voted to give fifty dollars towards the prom expenses if that should be found necessary.

John Markey, Robert Harris and Bruce Russell were nominated by the class for the S.A.R. Good Citizenship Award. The winner will be announced later.

The committee for the senior class picnic will include the senior class officers and the following students chosen by the class president: William Blackstock, Joseph Medici, David Warwick, Russell Aaronian, John Gallant, Jean Cahoon, Audrey Currier, Joan Doiron, Carol Uhle, and Dorothy Stansel.

The banquet committee will be made up of John Markey, Michael Cahill, and Susan Lodge, the senior class officers, and Pauline Nadeau, Judith Knightly, Russell Aaronian, Ruth Ann Smith, the senior home-room representatives.

J. A. T.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Cheering tryouts were held on May 2 and 3. Approximately sixty girls tried out for the five regular positions and that of the substitute. Carole Parker, Nancy Saul, Mary Mahoney, Marie Sullivan, and Donna Hammond were chosen as regulars and Judy Nicora as a substitute.

Janet Drummey and Ann Marie Barrett were chosen as head cheerleaders. Those returning to the squad from last year are Jo-Ellen Robertson, Claire Oskar and Janie DeVebe.

The following girls went out for softball this year: Bev Donnelly, Cindy Watts, Beth Veyette, Margaret Mattraw, Joanne DiMario, Gayle Hargis, Etta Mae Nadeau, Dot Paradis, Paula Coates, Louise Mooradkanian, Joyce Myhaver, Louise Bodge, Stella D'Agata, Pat Casale, Ann Perruccio, Mary Schruender, Wendy Lane, Mary Hosking, Karin Roebuck, Lyn Rockwell, Kathy Sztucinski, and Cilla Watts. Audrey Currier and Dot Paradis were chosen team captains.

The girls started the season with a game against Woodbury on N.A.'s home grounds. In a slugfest that saw Etta Mae Nadeau hit two homers and Dot Paradis, one, the team was victorious to the tune of 24-22.

J. K. and A. C.



BOYS' SPORTS

Baseball

North Andover, 2 - Brooks, 5

Held to no-hits for seven innings by Brooks hurler Dick Ashworth, North Andover High snapped a 1-1 tie with two hits in the eighth inning. Warren Stanwood, making his first mound appearance of the sea-

son, doubled to lead off in the eighth. John Gallant singled and Stanwood went to third. Dick Sanborn then hit a fly to center field, bringing in Stanwood with the winning run. The final score was 2-1.



North Andover, 8 - Woodbury, 0

The Knights took win number four and defeated Woodbury High 8-0. Robin Munroe struck out six and allowed only two hits in registering his second win of the campaign. North Andover took a quick 5-0 lead in the first on successive singles by Byron, Battaglioli, and Munroe. Then a single by Stanwood brought in two runs. In the last of the sixth inning, Doug Morse smashed a four-bagger with two men on to give North Andover a couple of insurance runs. For North Andover, Byron, Battaglioli, and Gallant each had two hits apiece.



North Andover, 5 - Wilmington, 3

The Scarlet Knights defeated Wilmington High School on a muddy day, 5-3, behind the pitching of Robin Munroe, who pitched fine ball until the 5th inning when he was hit for three runs. The Knights managed to grab a 5-0 lead after two innings. Capt. Warren Stanwood led the attack with two hits, and Dick Sanborn had two runs batted in.



North Andover, 15 - Brooks, 2

The Knights, behind the five hit pitching of Doug Morse, defeated Brooks School by the score of 15-2. The Knights grabbed the lead with a seven run first inning, and Brooks never threatened. Again it was Capt. Warren Stanwood who knocked in three runs in the big initial frame.

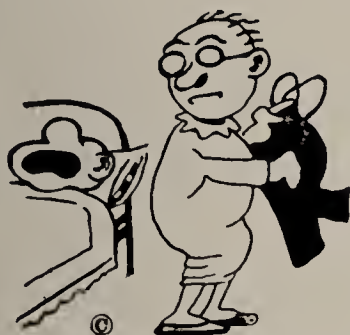


North Andover, 8 Methuen, 9

North Andover lost a heartbreaking 9-8 ballgame to Methuen High at our field. It was nip and tuck most of the way. Methuen picked up two runs in the first and one run in the second, but North Andover came back with four in the first and one in the second to give a 5-3 lead. However, Methuen tied it up in the fourth. But in the bottom of the fourth Vic Battaglioli unloaded a tremendous drive over the right fielder's head for a home run, with Mike Byron on first. That gave North Andover a 7-5 lead and what looked like the ballgame. Methuen, in the next inning, however, scored a run, and the fatal ninth, walks got Morse in trouble and with the bases loaded, Lynch belted a three base hit to cinch this game.

V. B. and A. Z.





EXCHANGES

The Cub, Ipswich High School, Ipswich, Mass.

We feel that your columns, "Better Dancing" and "Tips for Teens", are excellent. Advice like this really proves useful. We especially enjoyed "March 15, 44 B.C." by Carole Bailey. Congratulations on a very entertaining story, Carole.



The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass.

Your photography section and your illustrations help to keep the high standard your paper maintains. We found "Subway," by Peggy Fenwick, very interesting. Congratulations on a fine paper.



The Brown & Gold, Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.

We enjoyed reading your column "Fashions." Your column "Personality Plus" is a very good idea. Especially interesting was "A Story From Music." Keep up the good work!



Bunkie Highlites, Kennebunk High School, Kennebunk, Maine.

We enjoyed especially "Tempus Fugit or Pass Me My Maracus", by John E. Fitzgerald, and "Maine," by H. A. Bixby.

Borrowed:

1895: Grandma had a caller
Who had a timid heart.
When they sat together,
They sat this far apart.

1930: Mother had a boyfriend
Who was bashful and shy.
Do you think he ever kissed her?
He didn't even try!!!!

1957: Whenever daughter's steady calls,
He greets her with a kiss.
And when they sit together,
Theysitupcloselikethis.



Topsinews, Topsfield High School, Topsfield, Mass.

Borrowed:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself has said,
 "\$-**&&///??“\$\$--**//??\$\$--“**//??,”
 As he stubbed his toe on the foot of the bed?

K. S. and G. S.



HUMOR

Springtiden showers ben bringen buddenbloomers und also ben bringen muddenpuddlers mit sloshen.



An optimist is a person who thinks the good old days are yet to come.



One man who knows how much you have gone through is the paying teller at the bank.



Elderly woman consulting ear specialist: "I've never had trouble hearing, but lately I'm having a little trouble overhearing."



Notice to Tacoma City Light employees: "Drive carefully. The pole you hit may be your own."



One pretty girl to another: "Ordinarilly I never chase after a man, Babs, but this one was getting away."



We are indebted to current publications for our humor.



Song Titles

You Butterfly---Dissecting in Biology
 Almost Paradise---Nearing end of school year
 White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation---Junior-Senior Prom
 Ninety-nine Ways---To get detention
 It's Not for Me to Say---The answers to the test
 Come Go with Me---To the Prom
 I'm All Shook Up---Chemistry concoctions
 I'm Sorry---Bringing home bad report card
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